

Rates of Advertising.

Table with advertising rates: One Square (1 inch), one insertion - \$1; One Square " one month - 3 00; One Square " three months - 6 00; One Square " one year - 10 00; Two Squares, one year - 15 00; Quarter Col. " " " " - 30 00; Half " " " " " - 50 00; One " " " " " - 100 00.

Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices, gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid for in advance. Job work, Cash on Delivery.

The Forest Republican.

The Forest Republican.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY

W. R. DUNN.

OFFICE IN ROBINSON & BONNER'S BUILDING, ELM STREET, TIONESTA, PA.

TERMS, \$2.00 A YEAR.

No Subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months.

Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notices will be taken of anonymous communications.

VOL. XI. NO. 7.

TIONESTA, PA., MAY 8, 1878.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

Somebody's Mother.

The woman was old and ragged and gray, And bent with the chill of the winter's day; The street was wet with a recent snow, And the woman's feet were aged and slow. She stood at the cresting and waited long, Alone, uncared for, amid the throng Of human beings who passed her by, Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye. Down the street, with laughter and shout, Glad in the freedom of school let out, Came the boys like a flock of sheep, Hailing the snow piled white and deep. Past the woman so old and gray, Hastened the children on their way, Nor offered a helping hand to her, So meek, so timid, afraid to stir. Lost the carriage wheels or the horses' feet Should crowd her down in the slippery street. At last came one of the merry troop— The gayest fiddle of all the group: He paused beside her, and whispered low, "I'll help you across if you wish to go." Her aged hand on his strong young arm She placed, and so, without hurt or harm, He guided the trembling feet along, Proud that his own were firm and strong. Then back again to his friends he went, His young heart happy and well content. "She's somebody's mother, boys, you know, For all she's old, and poor and slow; "And I hope some fellow will lend a hand To help my mother, you understand, "If ever she's poor, and old and gray, Whom her own dear boy is far away." And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head In her home that night, and the prayer she said Was: "God be kind to the noble boy, Who is somebody's son and pride and joy!"

WANTED, AT ONCE

"Yes, I will," said Amy Jennings. "This time I will. My brother's wife has called me 'a little vixen' long enough. Now I'll be a little vixen. I'm tired of this persecution—I'm tired of it." Amy spoke angrily; her eyes were blazing; her cheeks were flushed. But at the last sentence she faltered; repeating it, she fell upon her knees beside her bed and buried her face in the pillow. "I'm tired of it," she cried, with passionate sobs. A rap at the door aroused her. She arose, wiping her eyes ruefully, and asked, in a voice of forced calm, "Who's there?" "Me," answered a rough but friendly voice—"Jack." "Have you brought me the Times?" "Yes." "Well, then, you can't see me just now, dear Jack. Put the paper through the crack." She opened the door for a crevice, received the newspaper which a clumsy brown hand thrust in, and then, with a quick "Thank you, dear—thanks, my dear good Jack," released the door, and turned the key in the lock. The boyish footsteps bounded down the stairs, and Amy, once more in solitude, flew to the window, flung herself into the arm-chair that filled its embrasure, and opening the newspaper, spread it upon her writing-table, and began eagerly to search the "Wants." Her eyes drifted over column after column of those marshalled appeals in print that stand side by side as unrecognizable faces in a crowd, but each one bearing its own individual burden—Heaven knows what heavy burdens for some, homeless and friendless in the great city. Her eyes drifted over these, and seized the brief column devoted to "Instruction."

heart sank with a sudden chill. This depressing impression was not lessened when she entered. A lady entered, and Amy arose, trembling. The lady was in traveling costume, and carried, as if in act of departure, a sachel and blanket-shawl. She motioned to Amy to be seated, and herself, in stiffest possible attitude, appropriated an arm-chair. She was tall and gaunt and severe. With a sharp assumptive and grating voice she entered into examination: "How old are you?" "I shall be twenty-one in two years." "Too young. Where were you educated? What are your qualifications? To whom do you refer? What system do you use in the study of languages? What method do you employ in teaching music, and in drawing and water-color? Give me your answers as expeditiously as possible. The train starts at 11:45; the carriage should be here at this moment. I am going to Montreal for a month, and am unwilling to leave my niece alone. And our cook has given us warning. 'Tis a pity, for although she has a fiery temper, she pleases brother. With difficulty I have persuaded her to remain a month. The waitress, too, I think, is more reliable; but altogether the household is in a state particularly unfitted to be managed by a mere child like my niece Martha, who, however, is 'head of the house,' and you will call her 'Miss Martha,' please. And I need for the place an experienced person. But really, as this is the last moment, and you may be better than no one, perhaps I had better engage you for one month; provided, of course, that your credentials—" "The cab is at the door, mem, and says he's late, and must hurry up; and—oh! here is Mr. Rainor himself." And a gentleman entered in some haste, merely saying, as he was presented to Miss Jennings, "I will see you in a few moments," and hurried his sister to the carriage, she all the way endeavoring to impress upon him how very unfavorable an opinion she had formed of the capacity and experience of the new governess, to be engaged only for the month, you know; and it was necessary to have some one at once." Her last act, as the cab drove off, was to thrust her head through the window, with an expression of dire solemnity, and say, with a groan, "Brother, we've gone through the woods to pick up the crooked stick at last." Mr. Rainor returning to the parlor, supposing that his sister had arranged all preliminaries, only said: "How soon can you come, Miss Jennings?" "To-morrow morning, if you like," answered Amy. "Let it be, then, by ten o'clock so that I may present my little daughter, and see you established before I go down town." "Just what you might have expected from such a willful girl," said Amy's sister-in-law to her husband, who was petrified with astonishment when he learned that his pretty, sprightly sister, who seemed to him "all smiles," and who, "just out of school," had been received most lovingly on his part into his affluent home, had engaged to "go as governess." "It is a girlish freak," he said; "I can not consent to it." But Amy shocked him into acquiescence by a tempestuous outpouring of her story of domestic sickness and unhappiness; and although he was sorely puzzled to conceive how his wife could have been cruel to Amy, or rather how Amy could have imagined his wife to be cruel, he finally—considering that the engagement was only for a month, and Mr. Rainor happened to be known to him as one of the most estimable of citizens—gave his reluctant consent, saying to his wife, caressingly, "She'll come back to us, Matilda, at the end of the month, quite cured of her girlish homesickness." So Amy appeared the next morning by ten o'clock in the breakfast-room of Mr. Rainor, and was presented to his little daughter. The child was an angular, awkward girl, with sharp, delicate features and immense black eyes that seemed to be peering forth from an extremely active intelligence with a suspicious vigilance that to Amy was really formidable. "I had hoped she would have resembled her father," thought Amy, despairingly. "I like Mr. Rainor. But this child is Mrs. Edgeley in miniature. What shall I do with her?" Little Miss Martha, clinging devotedly to her father, received her new governess as she would have received the gift of some wild and unknown animal, whose claws or talons or teeth it were well to beware of. Mr. Rainor, glancing at his watch, found that he was too late to go through the rooms and look over school-books, as he had intended; but he said, kindly, as with Martha's fond assistance he was putting on his overcoat to go down town, "You will examine the ground to-day, Miss Jennings. Mattie will assist you. There will probably be some things that you will want. Perhaps you had better make out a list, and give it to me this evening." Nine o'clock at evening. Mr. Rainor seated at his reading table in the library, book in hand. Enter Amy, timidly, but with a secret bravery. "Miss Martha has retired, because her head still troubles her. I had her feet bathed in hot water." "Poor child, she inherits that," said her father. He meant headache, not hot water, although that element had been conspicuous in the rule of the late Mrs. Rainor. "And I have made out the list," said Amy. Mr. Rainor took it, and after drawing an armchair near the fire and placing a footstool for Miss Jennings,

resumed his place at the table and adjusted his eyeglasses. He started slightly as he began to read the list, and his expression, as he proceeded, varied from astonishment to amusement; he looked over his glasses inquiringly at Amy, who regarded him steadily with a grave dignity. Then he read aloud as follows: "Two canary birds, six house plants, order at florist's for fresh flowers twice a week, six children to dance, a wood fire in the school-room, a battle-door and shuttlecock, a new piano." "The battle-door and shuttlecock," said Amy, "are the French verbs. I throw a verb, you know, at Miss Martha, and she catches it and throws it back to me. In this way we go through the tenses, and they become impressed upon the memory without the tedium of leaning over the book." "Well," said Mr. Rainor, pleasantly, "I don't know that I should object to such a French exercise. Mattie has had some trouble with her verbs. But how about the children for the dance? Is it necessary that we should have six children, Miss Jennings?" "Yes," answered Amy, decidedly, "because each child will bring its own defects and its own graces; the defects will be warnings, and the graces will be models, and the correction of many blunders will make a more complete order, as failures build up success. It took forty women, I have heard, to suggest the modelling of the 'Greek Slave.'" Mr. Rainor did not perceive the precise application of this illustration; but Miss Jennings evidently did; so that point was settled, and they returned to the list. "And the flowers," she said, "are to be copied in water-color, and to exhilarate us at our tasks." "And the piano?" "It has all false notes; a false note makes trouble in a house. I think that a false note, even one, puts everything that it reaches out of tune. Mr. Rainor, I am sure that you sing." "Sing? Oh no. I haven't sung for years." He paused, and a strange bright light came into his kind eyes. He added, hesitatingly, "I believe there is a pile of my old music packed away in the house." "I knew it," said Amy, "and it would be very good for Miss Martha if you could sing with her. I can play accompaniments, and we could have music evenings." "I feel inclined," said Mr. Rainor, after studying the list more carefully, and with a more serious air than at first, "to accede to these requests. And books?" "Books?" repeated Amy, rather dismayed. "Really I forgot; in fact, we haven't gone so far yet as the books. Mr. Rainor," she said, rising to bid him good-night, and faltering from her dignity with a genuine tremor of diffidence that was not ungraceful, that was, indeed, for some reason, irresistibly charming, "I think—perhaps it will be the best—perhaps, if you allow me, I will lean upon you a little about the books." "Well, I declare, said the cook, a fortnight after Amy's arrival, "if this ain't the surprisestest governess! La sakes, don't she make a good missus, though! Always a-smilin' and serene. And she knows what she wants, and what's what. And Miss Martha chimes in—my! how she does chime in!—as no one could have bethought. If missus don't come back, I'll stay right on, and no questions asked, so I will." "Yes, Miss Jennings is surprisestest," said the seamstress. "And to hear Miss Martha layin' down the law to her is as good as a play. 'Now I ought to do this, Miss Jennings,' and 'Now it is time for me to do that,' and 'You must be strict with me about this Miss Jennings.' And the new governess, though she's fresh as a rose-bud, and much more of a baby in looks than Miss Martha is, has her own way through all. I can see that. But it's a nice way and a bright way, so it is. It's as good as going to the theater to hear her talk. And when she goes laughin' and singin' through the house, my machine spins, so it do." "What has come to me?" thought Mr. Rainor. Age must be tempering me. I feel so light-hearted, so well, of late. And Mattie, my precious little Mattie—I begin to think that she will make a glad, strong girl yet. I wonder if there is any thing in Miss Jennings's idea of sun and fragrance, music and color and stirring life! Amy Jennings! What a strange woman she is!—a child almost, and yet a woman quite. She is a surprise to me—everyday a surprise." Surprise! That was the word which Amy seemed to have written upon the whole house. But the greatest surprise of all befell Mrs. Edgeley on her return home. She came a day before she had written she would come, for some reason of her own. Perhaps she expected to be surprised; if so, her expectation was realized. The cab rolled up to the door at nine o'clock of a clear moon-lit winter night; and Mrs. Edgeley, satchel and blanket-shawl, exactly as she left, had come back. But at the very door-step of the cab she stood motionless, as if transfixed by a shock. The house was lighted from attic to basement. The white blinds were drawn, but lamp-light streamed through them into the street, and shadows moved across them in swift chase. Sound of music, played by piano, violin and harp, escaped as distinctly as the light. Mrs. Edgeley hardly had strength of mind left to pay the cabman and ring the door-bell. The door opened in a flash. The stern disatisfied waitress admitted her with a yes, actually with a grin. Girls in light evening dresses and white-necked boys were promenading in the hall, and the

parlors were filled with the whirl of the dance. Mrs. Edgeley, dumb with indignation, attempted to ascend the stairs, but midway she was almost upset by two children in a high state of excitement coming down abreast. "Who are you?" gasped the matron, coming to a dead stop. "We are Miss Rainor's orphans," said they, or said one for both, who were exactly alike in brown stuff gowns and blue capes. "Miss Rainor's what?" "We go to the L— School, and Miss Rainor has no mother; so she takes care of us, for our mother is dead too. Miss Rainor makes our frocks for us, and our capes; and we have been to hear the music, and now we are going home; and we are to have oranges to take with us, and plum-cake." "Mercy!" cried the lady, pushing past them with hasty steps, but pausing again on the landing with another dead stop. Not because the rooms on this floor, with the exception of her own "wing room," were a blaze of light and half full of guests, but because the dance music had stopped and some one was singing: a love song, a serenade—one of "the old, old songs." "A man's voice!" It carried Mrs. Edgeley back ten years—yes, fifteen years—back to the gray paragon by the stone mill, where, night after night, that summer ago, some one came courting, no one knew which, till the one sister was taken and the other left. Mr. Rainor was singing. Heaven only knew how, out of that grave of fifteen years, he had got back his voice. It is a year from the day when Amy Jennings went out as governess from her brother's house, and now she is back, only for a month, for at the end of that time she is to be a bride, and her room is strewn with bridal stuffs, and the wedding gown is this moment being trimmed with its pearly border of lace. "We had hoped to keep you longer," said the affectionate Dick; and "It's to bad in you to go off just as you've come back," said the affectionate Jack. But Matilda remarked: "How ridiculous it is for a girl like you, Amy, to marry an old man like that!" "He is not an old man," said Amy, indignantly, "and if he were, I'd make him young again. I love him so much—love and respect and bless his kind heart so deeply and so much! There is no old age to a forever kind heart." "And then that girl! Very much fitted you are to be a mother to a big girl like that!" "She'll be a mother to me," said Amy, laughing her merriest little laugh. "I assure you Mattie is equal to that." "And to be married so soon, too; only engaged for a month—Mr. Rainor," Matilda changed from the sarcastic to the angelic in a trice, for Mr. Rainor had entered as she spoke—"Mr. Rainor, why don't you marry a mature woman instead of this giddy girl? or why do you not at least wait a year or two before you commit the rash act?" "Because," said Mr. Rainor, not accepting as badinage what he knew Matilda at heart did not consider a jest—"because Amy, just as she is"—his arm was around her, and with hands clasped upon his shoulders she was looking up joyously and lovingly to his face—"Amy satisfies my mind and my heart; because she has brought sunlight to my life; because in my house, and by every one in it, she is wanted—wanted at once!"

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD. Household Hints. Make a paste of soft soap and emery for polishing steel. A small quantity of turpentine added to stove blacking will make the stove easier to polish. To remove old putty from window-frames, pass a red-hot poker slowly over it, and it will come off easily. A few drops of glycerine in a bottle of mucilage will cause the mucilage to adhere to glass when used upon labels. A bottle of flaxseed oil, chalk and vinegar mixed to the consistency of cream, should be kept in every house for burns, scalds, etc. To clean chromos, dampen a linen rag slightly and go over them gently. If the varnish has become defaced, cover with a thin mastic varnish. Quick-silver beaten up with the white of an egg, and applied with a feather to every crack and crevice of a bedstead, is the very best bug preventative. To sew carpet-rags on a machine, make the stitch short, run it obliquely across the rags where they are to be joined, and sew a good many before cutting the thread. Alabaster is best cleaned by putting it in a pan of water and letting it soak some hours until quite clean. Another mode is to cover it with a strong solution of soda. There is no part of the year when cellars in which vegetables are stored need ventilation oftener than the present. If the cellars cannot be thoroughly aired every day, the vegetables should be removed. Boil sweet or common potatoes till well done, then mash or strain. To each one and a half pints add one pint and a half of milk, a little melted butter, two eggs with sugar, salt, and nutmeg or lemon to flavor. To clear cistern water, add two ounces powdered alum and two ounces borax to a twenty-barrel cistern of rain-water that is blackened or oily, and in a few hours the sediment will settle, and the water be clarified and fit for washing. Borax is used in the washing, but it is also used in starch. It stiffens the starch, prevents the iron sticking, and produces a finer finish. It should be used by dissolving half a table-spoonful in a little boiling water, and mixing it with about three pints of the starch. The way to clean feathers is to wash them in a lather, then rinse in cold water, and then in water slightly blue, and shake them until dry. If the fine looks thready, damp it between the folds of a cloth and beat lightly, and clap it between the hands till quite dry. It improves them sometimes to hold them in the steam of a kettle. In selecting flour first look to the color. If it is white with a yellowish straw-color tint, buy it. If it is white with a bluish cast, or with black specks in it, refuse it. Next examine its adhesiveness—wet and knead a little of it between your fingers; if it works soft and sticky, it is poor. Then throw a little lump of dry flour against a smooth surface; if it falls like powder, it is bad. Lastly, squeeze some of the flour tightly in your hand; if it retains the shape given by the pressure, that too is a good sign. It is safe to buy flour that will stand all these tests. Profits of Good Feeding. A correspondent of the Country Gentleman gives the following details of his experience on this subject: Last fall I had the offer of a cow on an old debt, and hesitated some as to whether I had better lose the debt or take the cow, as she was old and very thin, but finally concluded to try and make something out of her, though the chance looked very small, and the boys made a good deal of sport of her, and said I would get nothing but her hide. She was farrow, and was not giving more than one quart of milk night and morning. I took her to the farm and told my man to do the best he could for her. He commenced feeding her apples, and though she gained steadily in milk, it was some time before she improved much in appearance; but after awhile the feed and care began to tell on her, and in three months she was in good condition, and gave twelve quarts of milk daily. One week I brought from there nine pounds of nice butter, which the woman assured me was the product of nine days' milk, and at the same time sold two quarts of milk daily, and used what they needed in the family, consisting of herself and husband. I expected to feed her well, and turn out to grass to fatten, but she proved so good for milk I concluded to keep her another year. She has kept in good order all summer, and gives about as much milk as any of the cows, but we shall soon dry her off, as we expect to have her for a new milk cow this winter. I also bought last fall a flock of store sheep, just as it was time to turn in for winter, fed them till the 10th of March on hay and oat screenings, and sold them at an advance of \$2.50 per head. Buying Needs. Be careful in buying your seeds. A German paper says that clover and lucern are often mixed with small, artificially prepared and colored quartz stones. For production of these quartz granules there are special manufactories, which accomplish their task so well that even a practiced eye would have difficulty in detecting the fraud. Old seeds, also, are colored, sulphurized, oiled and treated with various substances which produce a fresher and better appearance, and are often even mixed to a considerable extent with old seed, no longer capable of germination. Items of Interest. Edison is worth \$150,000. Cartmen's slang—Hire a haul. The early bud catches the frost. A cutting remark—"Chop the haul." There are 1,679 prisoners confined in Sing Sing (N. Y.) prison. How can five persons divide five eggs, so that each man shall receive one, and still one remain in the dish? One takes the dish with the egg. The average population to each physician is, in the United States, 600; England, 1,672; France, 1,814; Austria, 2,500; Germany, 3,000. A woman in Pomfret, Vt., has a husband and children to take care of, and performs most of the work on the farm, her husband doing nothing. He is not out of health, but was born tired. Mr. F. D. Millet, an American, was the only correspondent who went through the Balkans with Gen. Gourko. The czar presented him with the decoration of St. Ann, which is the highest decoration given to any correspondent. A young lady, says the Elizabeth Herald, astonished a party the other day by asking for "loan of a diminutive argentine truncated cone, convex on its summit and semi-perforated with symmetrical indentations," or in other words a thimble. A Wick (England) fishing boat landed a fine conditioned halibut, weighing 187 pounds, measuring six feet eight inches in length, and about the same in girth. On opening the fish its stomach was found to contain a fine salmon in very good condition, and which weighed 20 pounds. The fisherman remarked that it was "no wonder the halibut looked so well, seeing the sort of dinners he indulged in. The Hawkeye says there is a cat in Burlington that has lost its voice. This explains some things. There is a cat in Norristown that has found the Burlington feline's voice. And from the uproar she creates when she sits on the back shed at night and converses with some friends on the other side of the river, a mile distant, we judge that she has found several other lost voices.—Norristown Herald. A SINGULAR SONG. My Madeline! my Madeline! Mark my melodious midnight moans; Much may my melting music mean, My modulated monotonies. My mandolin's mild minstrelsy, My mental music magazine, My mouth-my mind, my memory, Must mingle murmur, "Madeline." Muster 'mid midnight masquerades, Mark Moorish maidens, matrons' mien, 'Mongst Murcia's most majestic maids, Match me, my matchless Madeline. Mankind's malevolence may make Much melancholy music mine; Many my motives may mistake, My modest merits much malign. My Madeline's most mirthful mood Much mollifies my mind's machine; My mournful mien's magnitude Melts—makes me merry, Madeline! Match-making ma's may machinate, Manu'ring misses me misween; Mere money may make many mate, My magic motto—"Madeline!" Melt most mellifluous melody, 'Midst Murcia's misty moun's marine, Meet me, my moonlight—marry me, Madonna mia!—Madeline. Aerial Navigation. Mr. Brearey, secretary of the English Aeronautical Society, called attention, in a recent lecture, to some curious facts which those who are seeking solutions of the flying machine problem might profitably bear in mind. He stated that light as the atmosphere is in proportion to the weight of water, the rarer medium is capable of supporting a creature much heavier than itself, while water, 800 times heavier, only supported a fish of about equal weight, bulk for bulk. Supposing a fish bore the same proportional weight to its elemental medium as a bird does to the atmosphere, it would have to be made of something heavier than platinum. As it is, a fish is really a bird without wings. He gave some curious comparisons between different birds and insects as to the surface they presented to the atmosphere and their weight. Thus the gnat was three million times less weight than the Australian crane, but presented in proportion one hundred and forty times more surface to the air; and between these two there were almost all gradations. In these investigations lay some of the most hopeful facts which seemed to render aerial navigation possible, and if man could get sufficient surface he could surely get sufficient machine power for propulsion. It was not so much a question of power as of the right application of power. There was also the question of balance. The manner in which a bird kept its balance, while its wings were being energetically worked alternately above and below its center of gravity, was marvellous. Mr. Brearey thought that with the example of the bicycle the question of balance would not present much difficulty. He then touched on the application of steam to the navigation of the air. Until lately it had been thought that this was inadmissible as a motive power, because of the cumbersome method of its generation; but it had been declared that when steam could be applied with a weight not exceeding twenty pounds per horse power, the problem would soon be solved. This had been accomplished, and they would hope the propulsion might be true.